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KINGSLEY.

Few novelists are as entertaining as the Rev. Charles Kingsley. His works are of that rare sort which afford both pleasure and profit. To the desultory reader, whose intellectual palate is sated with niamby-pamby love-tales, they afford fresh amusement for the nonce—while to the heart of the thoughtful reader they speak a whole-soul utterance, like the voice of the great ocean. His characters, whose own stories elicit the most sympathetic interest, all convey and illustrate great moral lessons. With his style, we have not here to do; only with the Author and his great truth. The geniality of Irving, the penetration of Macaulay, the refinement and grace of Addison, the pomposity, but profundity withal, of Sam. Johnson, are the all-pervading properties of style which distinguish them from others. The objective properties of style—those which belong to the expression mainly and distinguish between books of the same class and aim, we leave them to analyze who list. That which is part of Kingsley's self, and determines his individuality, is his manly independence and stalwart, fearless sincerity.

The past and the future are the centrifugal and

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centripetal forces of the spiritual world. Hence there are two great classes of men; the one fondly reverent of antiquity, the other ever striving to inaugurate a new era. "This distinction," as Macaulay says, "has its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding and of interest, which are found in all societies, and will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit, and by the charm of novelty. Not only in politics, but in literature, in art, in science, in surgery and mechanics, in navigation and agriculture, nay, even in mathematics, we find this distinction." And he might have added—in religion too. Religion is a rational thing, adapted to rational beings, and rational men are not ashamed to give it close attention. All men think of it privily at some period of their lives; most men deem it unmanly and fanatical; few men discuss it rationally and ingenuously. And, perhaps, this is owing in a great measure to the fact that an unnatural coloring is given to it, and the general opinion, that a man to be a Christian, must be something more or less than mere man. On this paramount subject, men are divided into Prelatists and Congregationalists—those, whose faith is prescribed for them by an hierarchy, and those, who determine their creed for themselves. Prelacy had its origin in times when knowledge was less diffused than it is now, and when priests were greedy of easily acquired power. Coming down to us hoary with age, it finds many men who venerate and dote upon its grey hairs; many more who implicitly receive its dogmas as truths authenticated. To this class, Kingsley, obviously enough to those who read him, does not belong. He may say of himself with Scott, and with many other good men of his denomination, and so also the founders of his Church would have said of themselves, that although an Episcopalian, he is not a Prelatist. He is rather one of those whom, by way of contradistinction, we have called Con-

gregationalists—one of those, who, in the light of good, strong common sense, Holy Writ, and the Spirit of God, put aside good naturedly the many proffered hands thrust out for men to kiss and to yield obeisance. But is this all? Is it all—to say that Kingsley is not a Prelatist? That in this negative sense only he is progressive? Let us see.

The error of Prelacy is ceremonial; the error of Congregationalism, metaphysical. From priestly senates, exclusive ministry, solemn rites, and prescribed services, and genuflexions considered as protective and circumstantial, the transition is easy to that state of mind which regards them as radical and essential; which mistakes a manner for the matter; and, by consequence, frowns at recusancy as a sin against the Church. On the other hand, the non-conformists declaring themselves untrammelled by forms, and setting out to worship God who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth, come soon to watch microscopically the operations of their own hearts, as a zoologist might the movements of a rare animalcule; to weigh nicely the motives of each act and thought, the causes underlying their own phenomena; and to reckon their progress in Christian science daily, according to the nature and extent of their classifications. Hence—we said that their error is metaphysical. Every Christian must be a good practical psychologist. The old adage that extremes meet, is here again verified. With truly wonderful discernment, John Bunyan brings together Formalist and Hypocrisy as travelers of the same road. The one is a staunch adherent to the one only true and visible church, the other a blatant advocate of the church universal, invisible; the one parades his certificate of membership, the other plumes himself on his "previous experiences," and both are "born in the land of Vain-glory, and are going for praise to Mount Zion." Both classes superinduce a new faith—a faith in something

over and above child-like confidence in Christ the Saviour; both parties fall into a superstition. And—superstition is an old, a very old institution, and—Kingsley is a new man—a reformer—in politics a Whig. The faith of neither Prelatist nor Non-conformist is radically wrong; but both are wrong in engrafting an error upon the tree of life. It is this error that Kingsley combats—this rank graft that Kingsley would lop off. In general terms only we have so far expressed it; it devolves upon us now to speak more specifically.

Its generic name is Superstition. The new convert for the first time awakened to a just sense of his fallen condition and alienation from his Creator, is overjoyed when he realizes that a far more blissful and enduring Paradise than even that his first parents lost, may be regained by the provisions of a new covenant. He is transported with gratitude and the pleasure of anticipation. The man is already in Heaven. He is, as Kingsley believes and as we believe, although he has had as yet no rough experiences in his new faith, a Christian, and his present composure and peace of mind is the result of the highest exercise of faith and love. We say that he is in the highest sense a Christian, for if, in the exercise of such unquestioning faith, lively hope, and undivided love, he exults in victory, as he surely will, over the flesh, the world, and the Devil, he is only confirmed in them, the graces themselves are not expanded in a new growth. Let not any reader presume here that we are going to indulge in cant, for we are satisfied that we speak to the innermost consciousness of many, and perhaps himself among them, who have never made their thoughts known for reasons that will appear in the sequel. Many others, who are not absolutely vicious and confirmed in obduracy against all that ennobles and becomes a *man*, if they have had no such consciousness, it is because they have been taught by precepts and the example of the age to antici-

pate the absolutely unmanly and altogether foreign "experiences" we shall speak of, as part and parcel of Christian life—and the idea is revolting. They look about them ensamples of what they rightly conceive to be good and true men; generous, cheerful, whole-souled, unselfish, unpretentious men—of firm convictions, assured purpose, fearless, courageous face and speech, (it is with such characters that Kingsley illustrates the divine life)—and instead, they mostly find—but it is unnecessary to explain to students of Nassau what is meant by a "Relig." And why is it that they find so few of their ideals?

The new convert's beatific vision fades somewhat, not because his joy is unsubstantially founded, but because the animal excitement necessarily attendant upon it subsides by a natural reaction; not because his faith and love are unreal, but because, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. And now, mistaking his oppression for utter discomfiture, is it wonderful if he rejects his past emotions for specious self-illusions or deceptions of the Devil? Or, if he condemn not himself for a deluded fool, he upbraids himself with his faithlessness and apostasy; he sets about the recovery of what he begins to deem a subtle influence, by lamentation, doleful prayer, reading of the scriptures with the expectation that the mere reading only will rekindle the dying embers of his soul, and illumine his darkness, constant attendance at meetings for prayer, public confession of sin, and self-abasement; and at the close of the day he gauges the flow of his animal spirits and attempts an exact reckoning of the good and the evil that have entered into his exercises—and *this*, he calls self-examination. In the words of Kingsley: "Like a weak oarsmen he is constantly feeling and fingering his spiritual muscles to see whether they are growing." And he very properly remarks elsewhere, that such a man is afraid to die at the post of duty lest his

preparation should be incomplete. It makes a man a puling coward. The genuine unmix'd Prelatist knows nothing of this, because *he* is safe within the pale of the *Church*. If these mental tribulations excite in the penitent any complacency, it is a 'precious experience;' if not, which is more commonly the case in this substantial age with educated men, the convert looks upon his past emotion as *altogether* animal excitement, and estimates his progress in grace according to his perseverance and diligence in the *means* of grace. The one is apt to become a hypocrite; the other is certainly a formalist; and both regard all other men and all other denominations of men who do not as they do, as hardened sinners or illiberal bigots. "Their visages do cream and mantle like a standing pond," and every jest is an idle word for which they must render an account—every laugh an awful forgetfulness of the solemnity of life—and if they indulge in either, they have cause to think themselves backsliding. Know they not the proverb of the wise man: A merry heart doeth good like a medicine! If it is of any one at all, it is the privilege of the Christian most of all, while he makes provision for the future to enjoy the present. Is it wonderful that religion should be held in contempt when

"Tis too much proved that with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself,"

—when religion is explained by very many into a superstition. And, when superstition once acquires the ascendancy, it unhinges the reason, and the victims grow incorrigible and hard—the stuff that rabid agitators and unscrupulous disorganizers are made of. When we consider the tendency of the human heart to self-imposed righteousness and the confidence which the mass of the people repose in their spiritual teachers, we recognize the great responsibility of the teacher to preach only Christ and him crucified. Many legal observances, interpolated

on the sacred writings as essential to salvation, or, what is the same, so taught as to induce the hearer to search for them as proofs of saving grace, *are* the burdens of the present generation, grievous to be borne, which the preachers, or literally *lawyers*, refuse from sheer inability, it is true, to touch with one of their fingers. It is this that has corrupted the pulpit. And it is only another phase of this superstition, that hardens the hearts of so many in the uncharitable belief that he who owns a slave is in imminent danger of perdition. But it may be very pertly asked: Is not Kingsley a thorough-going abolitionist? does he not insult the Anglo-Saxon pride of the nation by making a northern gentlemen wed himself to a quadroom? Indisputably! But then, and this is a very material difference—he does not make his opinion in regard to this or any other thing, a criterion of righteousness, nor does he anathematize and hate as heathen all those who do not coincide with him.

Another phase of this superstition regards the sacred office. It is inculcated as a duty, and young men are prevailed upon through their fears, with many specious arguments, to consecrate their lives and fortunes to this one mode of serving God. They consequently come to look upon it as the price at which salvation is bought; and the love of God not being their sole motive, they determine to make the most of the speculation and obtain a respectable living thereby, or, if they are enthusiastic in their temperament, to win the applause of men by great self-denial and energetic proselytism among the heathen. The natural consequences is, that the ministry is flooded with mercenary, sordid, and ambitious men, ignorant, oftentimes, not only of letters but of vital religion; and the sacred office is thrown into disrepute by their unworthiness. Agriculture and manufactures are often thus defrauded of good handicraftsmen: It is for this reason that we so strenuously object to inflating a

boy with the conceit of becoming a minister. First, let him become a Christian, and then, when his choice of the profession is the emanation of a pure heart—let him debate whether he has the qualifications requisite for becoming “all things to all men.”

“When the heart goes before, like a lamp, to illumine the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.”

We have so far shown what Kingsley condemns as superstition: it now devolves upon us briefly to exhibit what he regards as true religion. The gist of it is this: *a man conquers because he is a Christian; he is not a Christian because he conquers.* This is the great doctrine of grace, and distinguishes between the Christian and the mere moralist. But the question may be aptly put—how can a man attain to true piety unless by strenuous exertions to overcome the evil one. This is abundantly answered by Kingsley. The kingdom of Heaven is indeed taken by force, but not by the mode of self-righteous seeking. It is by making good use of the talent of grace already had, that the talent is doubled. And every man has his talent; there is no one peculiarly blest in this respect above another. Every generous impulse, every kindly purpose, every inclination, however weak, to trust an event to God, is from above, not originated in the depraved heart. This is the sublime doctrine which Kingsley every where illustrates. Him, whom the judges call scapegrace and worshipper of unrighteous mammon, he shows to have far more nobility of soul than the cloistered, self-sufficient, self-satisfied devotee. His preaching is to prove to this class that God is their everloving, guiding, all-forbearing Father, and that it is “easy to love Him, if they can once think of Him as the concentration, the ideal perfection of all which is most noble, admirable, lovely in human character,” and he leaves all the cant and rant and “Gospel of damnation to those whose hapless lot it is to earn their bread by pandering to a popular

superstition." When they are once persuaded that God is love, and that to be a Christian they must first be *men*, not "fearful and unbelieving," then they are fitted to endure all things and the belief is theirs—a "belief, intuitive, inspired, due neither to reasoning nor to study, that the billows are God's billows; and that though they go down to hell, He is there also; the belief that not they, but He, is educating them." And then, when, through the good use of the grace already vouchsafed them, they see the beauty and fitness of holiness, they reach that most sublime degree of perfection attainable on earth—they become noble, *useful* men. Kingsley's conviction is their conviction—"God is perfectly powerful, because He is perfectly of use; and perfectly good, because he delights utterly and always in being of use; and that, therefore, we can become like God—as the very heathens felt that we can and ought to become—only in proportion as we become of use. I did not see it once. I tried to be good, not knowing what good meant. *I tried to be good, because I thought it would pay me in the world to come.* But at last I saw that all life, all devotion, all piety, were only worth anything, only divine, and God-like, and God-beloved, as they were the means to that one end—to be of use."

This is the Gospel which is to reform and convert the world, and to do more too, than the most sanguine zealots anticipate soon. Much has been said of the unity of Christians; many schemes to effect it have been canvassed. But until superstition is overthrown, until this Gospel of the heart has been generally accepted, until men cease, not knowing what is in the heart of another, to make each other's title to salvation depend on his conformity to what does not intrinsically belong to the spiritual religion of the Gospel,—the unity and usefulness of the Church will never be consummated.

HAROUN ALRASCHID, F. R. S., F. N. R. C.

TO NANNIE.

Nannie! I will not praise the beauty of thine eyes,
In which such depth of mellow lustre lies
As shame the winged stars or birds of paradise—
Nor thy dear cheeks, those beds of rosy blushes,
That woo blind kisses in eternal gushes—
Nor yet, O Nannie! will I praise thy mouth,
From whence, like gales from out the sunny south,
Thy breath comes stealing through the perfumed air—
In which, like orient gems so brightly fair,
So fairly bright, thy teeth lie dreaming there,
Shut in from the cold world, its jars and slips,
By those twin sisters thine enchanting lips,
That, with the colors of an autumn peach,
Lie temptingly together each to each.
Nor yet thy voice, thou darling little sprite!
Which maketh music for me day and night,
Floating forever upon airy wing,
Sweeter by far than wild bird's caroling,
And trembling downward in its ceaseless play,
Like the chime of waters, or the winds of May—
Nor yet, O Nannie! will I praise thy hair,
Which, from thy forehead rises rich and fair,
And like a little cataract of ink,
Goes leaping down thy pearly neck of pink—
Nor yet thy hand, within whose tapered fingers,
In gentle dreams, mine own so often lingers,
Wondering and sighing at the delicate charm,
Of the velvet palm and the marble arm—
Nor yet thy bosom that with soft emotion,
Is ever heaving like the summer ocean—
(Ah, me! my head would rest as gently on that pillow,
As does the moonlight on the moon-kissed willow.)
Nor yet thy waist, O frailest of thy charms,
That should be clasped but by a zone of arms—
But O! sweet Nannie, and as fair as sweet,
I here would hymn the praises of thy feet,
That lean upon this earth from morn till noon,
As soft as angel-cheeks upon the horned moon—
That bound as lightly, and as lightly fall,
As fairy dancers at a fairy ball—
That daily kiss the softest silken hose,
From dimpled heel to little dimpled toes—

That curve as graceful as the scented thyme,
Or ripened wheat in golden harvest time—
Ah! happy maid! thrise happy should'st thou be,
With those dear feet so fair, so frail, so free,
That in their pureness nightly gleam and glow,
Like two pink roses on a bed of snow.

THE EMOTIONAL IN POETRY.

*"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia suntu,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunt."*

The question, "What is poetry?" is one of those which has come down to us from the period of former enlightenment. Its answer remains, very much as framed by those subtle analysts thousands of years ago. Aristotle defines poetry to be "the language of enthusiasm." For, enthusiasm, enwrapt in itself, is regardless of any aim but its own expression. It loves to dwell on that which gave itself birth, it finds its supreme gratification not only on a repetition of the causes which produced it, but in a recapitulation of the attendant circumstances; it views itself and gratulates itself upon mere existence, derives an increase from the act and speculates joyfully upon a continuance. But Aristotle's definition means more than even the enthusiasm of joy. Deep and sustained affliction, prolonged and heartfelt sorrow, chastening, humbling and eventually renewing the soul, awakening emotions which slumbered before, finds its natural expression and most tender consolation in poetry. The enthusiasm of sorrow, not boastful, though equally selfish, repeats itself solely that it may, in the contemplation of its woes, discover a justification of its own profundity, occupation in their recital, and a mitigation of their poignancy in their momentary objectivity. In both, in the language

of joy and sorrow, we have, thus, no other aim beyond their own expression. Barry Cornwall beautifully expresses this truth, in his stanzas, beginning—

"He is gone to the wars, and has left me alone,
The poor Irish soldier, unfriended, unknown."

But, it will be asked, if this is poetry—if no verse be poetical but that which embodies the sentiments of enthusiasm, what will be done with the great body of metrical language which we have been accustomed to regard as undoubtedly genuine poetry? No man has ever been so long aglow with enthusiastic fervor as to have produced, white-hot, a dozen cantos of twenty-four books. Much of this cannot be the language of enthusiasm. Even Homer, whom we call poet, "sometimes nods!" Besides, much of what is in brief compass, exhibits no great depth of even an undercurrent of enthusiasm. Shall we reject all this? Yes, we do not yet desert our definition, nor shrink from its necessary consequences. The argument is not an implied *reductio ad absurdum*. We adopt the conclusion. Emotion, violent and engrossing, we grant cannot be long sustained; accordingly no long poem ever was or can be composed continuously under the influence of emotion, nor can enthusiasm be rekindled at will—put off and on as a garment. When Homer nods, therefore, he does *not* pen poetry, though it may be praiseworthy verse. Who would claim, too, for the catalogue of ships, though in Hexameter and figuratively adorned, that it was poetry? Or of his portrayal of Jupiter's matrimonial infelicities, that to us, whatever it may have been to the Greeks, it contained the essence of poetry? Or who will claim that most of the Georgics of Virgil, the long narration of Eneas' intrigue with Queen Dido, (except its tragical close), and the recital of Conon's treachery at Troy—who will claim that these portions are fair specimens of Virgilian excellence? No one; nor are those other briefer productions

alluded to, though we call them poems, any more entitled to the sacred name of poetry. They may be graceful, even in a degree spirited or tender; but they are not of Apollo's inspiration. The "divine afflatus" never agitated the breast of the composer, never invested him with the holy character of the ancient "vates"—poet—priest. There are in long productions and there must be many and considerable portions, unmarked by this distinguishing characteristic of enwrapped, glowing thought, and these, for the reason mentioned, the impossibility of very long continued enthusiasm, but, as in the *Iliad*, these negative platitudes as they are preceded by poetry such as only a Homer could pen, so they are succeeded by passages which re-exhibit the skill and power of a master. And throughout, we have simple, strong narration, alternating with animated dialogue and glowing description. We have thus a succession of what is and what is *not* poetry. And further, it is evident that if these passages which quicken the blood as we read them to-day, though both Greek and Trojan have long slumbered together and Olympus been abased, did not occur—the *Iliad* would not hold the front rank among epics nor would seven cities dispute the honor of Homer's birth. The book would long have been forgotten. If a production, then, of the average merit of these inferior verses of the *Iliad* would justly be condemned, these passages in the *Iliad* are not poetry, mere position avails nothing. Good company will no more save a bad verse than it will a pickpocket. But, although not poetry, they are essential to the argument of the epic. They have another useful end. Like level plains, they afford welcome intervals to the reader, exhausted by the ascent of rapid acclivities of passion. So that a kindly indulgence is granted them. To those minor claimants to the title of poems, which, though brief, want its distinguishing animus, no mercy can be shown. Their writers, though not perhaps thrown

headlong down the steeps of Parnassus, should they ever attain a falling distance, would at least receive no welcome and encouraging smile from their hoped-for patron. There are those, however, to whom we unhesitatingly grant a place on the mountain tops. Let us view this side and mark the difference. With what skill does Shelley, in his "Apostrophe to Night," appeal to the heart of his reader? How vividly comes to the mind the reality, which we so often witness and of which we think so little, of such a scene, stirring up long buried thoughts and bringing to mind hours long past when we stood and gazed, and gazing, wondered that a picture like that unrolled every night should cause in man so little admiration. How sensitive, too, was the mind of Byron to the influence of such a scene! How well he knew how to touch an answering chord in his reader's mind:

"The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautified!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world."

The question now arises, why do we on reading poems like that of Shelley referred to, or this one of Byron from which we have quoted, why do they exercise such an influence over us? We have said that they display skill and art in appealing to the hearts of their readers. From whence do they derive this skill, and why is it followed by such an effect? Our answer to this is contained in the foregoing part of our essay. They are themselves wrought upon by the scenes they viewed and do but pour forth the emotions excited by them, and since it is an attribute of man to sympathize with him who is *in earnest* and who *feels* what he says, we but follow the promptings of our own nature when we permit our feelings to

be excited by the perusal or the hearing of their poems. When Coleridge stood and gazed on Mont Blanc, his soul, filled with the grandeur and sublimity of the scene before him, aroused by its contemplation, burst forth and we have its involuntary workings in his "Morning Hymn to Mont Blanc." No one whilst reading his poem can think that he meant to inculcate any truth or communicate any fact. But, there is to be perceived in it as there is in all poems, which have been drawn forth by the sight of any of nature's grand works—an involuntary rising of the soul to the Maker of them all,

Who bade the sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—

"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, "God!"

Nor is this unnatural, for, to what source or by what could the emotive faculties be awakened and set in action so quickly and so well as by the contemplation of the work of Him from whom these faculties have been received? Again: The argument from comparison is a strong one, for it will enable us to point out the difference between what is commonly called poetry and what we think is so. Read and compare Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean," and those miserable attempts of that numerous class *called* poets. The difference between the outpouring of true genuine emotion, and what is or might be styled didactic poetry, (which is another name for a hybrid that is neither poetry nor good prose), can easily be seen. Or compare some parts of "Milton's Paradise Lost" with the pieces in the poet's (?) corner in any of our popular Magazines, and the difference is so plain that even "he who runs may read it." Neither has all poetry been written. Men have lived, and felt and died without giving any expression to the feelings that burned within them. For,

"Many are poets, but without the name;
 For what is poesy but to create
 From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
 At an external life beyond our fate,
 And be the new Prometheus of new men
 Bestowing fire from Heaven."

Or, as Shakespeare hath it—

*** "As imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name."

The sculptor and the artist too are poets. The one, when he breathes into the block of marble a form, that almost glows with life; the other, when he causes his canvass to become a thing of living beauty. The world is full of poetry. The airs of Heaven chant it as they glide or rush over hillside and plain, the waters as they dance to their melodies, the earth as she moves around bringing the seasons heralded by a chant forever new, harmonious and grand.

"It may be a sound,
 A tone of music, summer's eve—or spring
 A flower—the wind, the ocean—which shall wound
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are quickly bound."

Nor, to pursue the idea of the author last quoted from, do we know how, or why, this lightning of the mind should call forth from things familiar,

"The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anon
 The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many! yet how few!"

In conclusion, poetry, it seems to us, is positive, is earnest, breathing in every line the sentiments of awakened emotion, which of its own spontaneous impulse pours itself out in harmonious verse and finds its own expression its best reward.

BURIAL OF HAVELOCK.

Hark! a solemn note of wailing
Strikes upon the trembling ear,
As the funeral train
Through the drizzling rain
Moves on with the warrior's bier.

Many a faithful heart is there—
'Round the corse of the fallen brave,
Hearts that he bought
When to save them he sought
His death, and a true soldier's grave.

The streams that flow from manly eyes,
Are mingled, in spirit meek,
With the tear-drops shed,
By the seraphs o'er head,
On the soldier's pallid cheek.

With the laurel wreath around his brow,
He has gone to his silent grave;
With a fame as bright,
As the stars of night,
When they float on the crystal wave.

All England mourns her warrior son,
As they gaze o'er his martial bier,
And the tears that fall
On his funeral pall,
Are like diamonds, bright and clear.

Mother and maid bathe with their tears,
The heavy mould above his breast,
And their sobs and groans,
Like Rachel's moans,
For the lost are not suppressed.

SUBJECTIVITY OF FUN.

Fun is intensely human. No animal but man can laugh, and we cannot conceive of anything as appearing ludicrous to an angel. Perhaps we are thus distinguished because we are the only imperfect beings in God's visible creation, and we have fun because we are *not* "very good." But be this *funny* theology as it may, it seems to us that nothing is funny in itself.

The ridiculous exists only in relation to human minds, or, to use a metaphysical phrase, it is a subjective quality—superinduced by the mind. There is nothing in a person's slipping and falling which is at all laughable, except as it happens to seem so to the beholder; and two bystanders may be affected differently, the one with a sense of the ludicrous, and the other with a feeling of pity, although both may be equally kind-hearted.

Now fun, being subjective, will determine the style of a man's wit, because he manifestly would not attempt a witticism unless he himself thought it good. Man will be an individual as well in his fun as in anything else. There is no one who has read the 'Newcomes,' or the 'Virginians,' who will confound the half-concealed wit of Thackeray, producing but an inward chuckle, with the side-shaking wit of Holmes, as for instance, in his inimitable description of the 'landlady's daughter' walking with her 'feller,' or of the country boy, 'buttony in front and baggy in the reverse.' No one but Holmes could originate such similes as 'silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the blows of sound,' or 'their discords pierce through harmony like hedgehogs dressed in lace;' and no one but Thackeray, we think, could have written that exquisitely humorous and yet touching scene between Clive and 'J. J.' when they retreat from Baden-Baden.

We might further illustrate from Prentiss and Jerrold, and a host of others, but it seems unnecessary.

Not only do authors but all individuals show their individuality, both in their appreciation of wit, and in their attempts at it. This is a matter of every-day observation at club tables, and in every social assemblage around college. Every one knows that certain fellows 'get off,' as we say, certain kinds of jokes; and furthermore, that some are disgusted with, or at least not amused at what raises the hearty laugh among others.

The latter fact is one of some importance in relation to the matter in hand. Humorists are, more than all others, dependent on public favor. A man will not long continue to crack jokes which 'no one laughs at, except in contempt. No one will say anything which he considers hugely funny, unless he has some expectation that others will deem it so too.

Hence public appreciation will be the necessary condition of the exhibition of wit, and finally control, to a great extent, individual appreciation of it, and thus nations and eras come to have different and characteristic styles of wit. This difference will probably grow less and less with the increase of means of communication, but still it will not be entirely swept away. It is probably least between England and this country; but still it exists, as a comparison between 'Punch' and 'Yankee Notions' would show.

Savages have, as they appear to us, most singular ideas of fun. The natives of the South Sea Isles, for instance, can conceive of nothing more ludicrous than a certain story in which a chief is mistaken for a slave.

If we go back to the time of Shakespeare and the older English writers, we find their wit quite characteristic. The jokes and drolleries of Shakespeare are sometimes very different from those of the present day. Our 'fierce and funny' ancestors, whose grins and shoulders were

both broad, had strange ideas of fun. Jokes have their genera, and species, and eras of development, just as certainly as trilobites have. The noble ladies in Elizabeth's time, who fed on salt fish, and beef, and beer, could not be expected to indulge in or laugh at the same jests as those of to-day, who daintily nibble a pâté or sip their Curacoa.

Why should not the lion-hearted Richard, who made Saladin 'hold his breath with dread and crack his sides a laughing'—why should not he think it a good joke to cleave a Saracen from helmet to saddle bow, a feat which, if not laughable, was certainly side-splitting! What ideas of the ridiculous must have been entertained by the Schoolmen who could gravely discuss the question as to how many thousand angels could dance on a needle's point without jostling!

If we go back to the Roman time, we find their fun almost unintelligible to us. Who that ever waded through *Cicero de oratore*, could ever, by any conjuring, raise even the ghost of a smile at the flat, 'cutes' contained therein? And who is there that has read Horace without being intensely disgusted with the miserable attempt at wit displayed in his seventh satire!

If we turn to the Greeks, we do not find that their perception of the witty or the ridiculous was essentially different from ours. Much of their burlesque sounds like our Western exaggeration, as for instance, when one of their writers speaks of a man whose nose was so long that he could not hear himself sneeze. In the *Asteia* attributed to Hierocles, you will find a multitude of poor jokes, to be sure, but also many which would not disgrace the pages of 'Punch' or 'Vanity Fair.'

The true explanation of these things, as it seems to us, is not that the Romans had not the intellectual ability or culture to originate what we consider wit, but merely that their definition of fun was different from ours. It

cannot be supposed that Horace, and Juvenal, and Cicero were deficient in ability to be funny, but that their fun was different from the commodity so called now.

On the other hand, the Greek appreciation of wit led to exhibitions similar to those of our own day. The different kinds of fun prevalent in different ages and nations are to be accounted for, at least in some degree, by the subjectivity of fun.

We have treated our subject in a kind of hop-step-and-jump manner, and perhaps, have not always toed the mark. Still, there is probably as much connection between it and what we have written about it, as there is between the 'Coast Survey' and the 'Preservation of the Union.'

"SH—BOOM—AH!!"

THE WANT OF THE AGE.

If we were asked to characterize our age, and our country, especially in an intellectual point of view, we should say that it is an age of *inquiry*—an age in which men are disposed to re-examine even opinions long undisputed, and make every one of them stand on its own basis. A timid Conservatism is no longer able to keep men from laying their sacrilegious hands on the most sacred treasures of the Past; but from the child to the philosopher we still hear the inquiries: Why? Whence? Whither? echoed and re-echoed on every side. No longer do we listen to the voices of those, who exclaim—"Let be; it has stood the test of years," but we claim the right to meet every question on its own merits and by them to let it stand or fall. Men *will* agitate the great questions,

which affect the welfare and destinies of Humanity, and to try to stop that agitation is as useless as to offer resistance to the advancing avalanche. Whenever a man says: "See, here is truth," we are ever ready to let him hold it up to our gaze, and leave it to ourselves and time to determine whether it really be a new planet, shining forever in the boundless æther above, or merely a dingy disk from which is reflected the feeble and short-lived light of a tallow candle.

But people are no longer content with facts and realities—they must know the *How* and the *Why*. Their question often is, not *On what evidence do these things rest?* but "*How* can these things be?" They laugh to scorn the old adage, which tells us that

"Reason seeks the what and when,
While Folly asks the why and wherefore;"

and declare that Folly alone can rest content with anything less than an at least probable solution.

What has this spirit done for us? Good or evil? We answer unhesitatingly, both; the latter, it is true, not in its normal development, but in those abuses of it, which, while not essential to its nature, have thus far proved inseparable from its prevalence. Let us first speak of the good it has accomplished. It has given us philosophical histories, which deal with human life—with men and nations—not as mere phenomena, unconnected and without interest for us, save as it satisfies our curiosity to know whether our ancestors—or somebody else's ancestors—bowed their knee to king or chief; and whether they ate their allowance of raw flesh off of wooden trenchers, and used chop-sticks, or whether they scorned to employ any other implements than the five-pronged forks, which Nature had given them. These records and chronicles have given place to human histories, which tell us not only how men acted, but *why* they acted—nay, not merely how and why they *acted*, but how and why

they *thought* and *felt*. It has given us Physical science, with many of the laws by virtue of which the earth is adapted to man—and many means by which man trains to his use even the imponderable forces of nature. It has given us our steam engines and our telegraphs, and all the mighty machinery, which has so brilliantly shown that knowledge, in its application, is power. And it has led us to examine so closely as we could the nature and laws of the human mind; and to see how far man may obey that wisest precept of the Heathen philosophy: "Know thyself." Thus much and more—far more—has it accomplished for good; let us now turn to the other side of the picture.

Here we find that this spirit has not been content with knowing all that man can know—it has aspired to that beyond all but Infinite wisdom. In Physics we find our philosophers—we are tempted to call them less lovers of wisdom than lovers of novelty—striving to go behind all phenomena and tell what is the essence of matter; we find our Geologists—assuming to be wise above what is written—treating the Scriptures with contempt, if they do not chance to agree with some fine-spun theory of their own—we see men, in philosophy, as in religion, assuming to test all truth by their own little minds, and with their transcendental intuitions and intellectual insights affecting to overlook the finite limits here appointed to man, and to pierce through the abyss beyond. In brief, in all departments, we see a tendency to excess in this direction—a tendency to forget that man, and man alone, is not the Lord of the Universe.

Such being the state of things, the question now arises—and it is a problem for ours and the succeeding age to solve—what should be the position of those who would truly benefit their race? How shall we check the evils which arise from this spirit, which so eminently characterizes our age? What kind of men do we want to bear us

safely through the storm? Here, it may perhaps be replied: We want the men of old times—those who lived and died content with knowing naught save that which could be made immediately useful to their wants—who cared not to cross-question nature, believing that they knew all of her secrets, which it was designed for them to know. That this solution offers a remedy, which would extinguish the particular evils in question, cannot be doubted; but it would be like cutting off a man's right arm to relieve him from the sting of a wasp. The venom indeed is gone, but with it the most serviceable member of the body. No! Humanity takes no steps backward. As well might we try to re-vivify the Silurian fossils as to re-animate a past civilization, with the full light of the present streaming around us. Even if it were not sheer madness, it is a pure impossibility.

The question then again recurs: who are the men for the age? We answer, sincere, earnest lovers of truth—men who will seek after it patiently, advocate its claims with ability and moderation, and, if need be, battle for it courageously. But, it may be asked, are we not all truth lovers? Is not this professed from every rostrum? Is not truth held up as the object of search by every philosopher? We should certainly be glad to believe that our age is characterized by a love of truth such as we have described, but candour forces us to say that it is not. A few words in defence of this position. It will readily be admitted that a man's mind may legitimately be in three—and only three—states as regards a proposition; he may understandingly affirm it, understandingly deny it, or from the imperfection of his knowledge may refuse to do either. We said he may legitimately hold his mind in either of these three states; as to the last however, this needs a word of qualification. There are some questions of so vitally important a nature that it is every man's duty to examine them—others which he may

or may not examine, at his pleasure. A sincere lover of truth may wilfully remain ignorant of the Nebular hypothesis, but he cannot neglect the question whether the Christian religion be true or false. The position which no man has a right to retain is that of either believing or disbelieving unintelligently. Now, tried by this test, how many of the men of our age are worthy the name of truth-lovers? How many have examined any great political question—say that of a protective tariff—candidly for themselves? Nay, even in regard to their religious creed, how many have obeyed the apostle's injunction to "prove all things?" How many educated men, when they feel forced to examine a great question, come to this work with no pre-conceived theory of their own, trying to find arguments to support that, rather than to discover the truth of the matter? Will not a true answer to these questions indicate a spirit very different from simple love of truth?

If now we have shown the need of more truth-lovers amongst us, let us in conclusion mention a few characteristics of such a class. Every question, which such a man examines, he will examine thoroughly and without prejudging it. As a corollary to this it will follow that he will be—at least intellectually—a Christian; and we make this assertion without the slightest hesitation, for it is our firm conviction that such an examination of Christianity cannot result otherwise. He will thus at once obtain in the Scriptures a guide for his studies and his life. Again, he will never attempt to rid himself of difficulties by denying facts. He will go as far as he can towards reconciling and explaining them; but, if he fail, he will not charge the failure on God's truth, but on his own finite mind. He will thus be an humble learner of what is—not a presumptuous dictator of what ought to be. Once more, he will be patient and kind in exposing error, knowing that no error ever obtained wide dominion

without some truth mingled with it. He will therefore endeavor to sift out the truth and show where the error has crept in. He will treat his opponents courteously; for a man in the right immediately loses much of his vantage ground, if he calls his adversary a fool. For our own part, we have far too much respect for his Satanic Majesty's talents not to believe that he will use as instruments the very best and ablest men he can get.

Finally, our truth-lover will never lose his faith in the ultimate triumph of the true—will never grow weary of fighting in a good cause; but will lend all his energies to the achieving some victory for truth which shall mark an era in human history.

We have started no new theory of our own. We have not written to astound the reader with our brilliancy, or to amuse him with our wit; but we have endeavored to state a real want of our age—a want of *men*—true, earnest men. Who can say that it is not in his own power, with the blessing of God, to be such a man? And if even one generation of the educated men of our country should be such, who can foretell their influence on the destinies of humanity?

HOW THE SAXON HAROLD MET HAROLD HADRADA AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

It was the King of Norway with armor glittering bright,
And milk-white sails and gilded prows all flashing in the light.
His ships were filled with fighting-men who rent the air with cheers—
His ships were filled with fighting men who knew no idle fears.
Loud rang the shouts of triumph throughout those sailor throngs,
And they chanted loud and wildly their rude Norweigan songs—
Down with the rebel Harold, down with the Saxon liar!
We'll kill his craven fighting-men, we'll waste his land with fire;

While every field and village, and every foaming flood,
In the clear eye of heaven shall blush with the Saxon blood.
Ring out the wild alarum, aye ring it through the night,
We fight for good Hadrada, St. Peter, and the right,
For Harold broke his sacred oath, sworn on the holy bones—
Down with the proud usurper, down with his churlish drones.
And with pennons fair and stately, with step all light and free,
On English land they trod—and looked upon the foaming sea;
But the false traitor Tosti looked out upon the main,
And the sweet scenes of his childhood rose to his mind again,
And he saw his brother Harold in his boyhood's noble grace,
And he thought how long and dearly, he had loved the Saxon race.
Before his memory stood awhile Old England's homes and graves—
But he thought of stern Hadrada, and his cruel Norweigan braves,
And the gentle memories of his youth all vanished at the sight,
And he longed to meet his brother and give him deadly fight—
So they marched, these stern invaders—the army of the Lord!
They laid waste towns and villages with fire-brand and with sword.
And the tidings reached King Harold, as he sat in London town,
And he swore a mighty vengeance—by his kingly sword and crown;
To Stamford Bridge he marched straightway, where the army lay encamped,
And forsooth, he swore right boldly, that their ardor should be damped.
And before his sturdy yeomanry all calm and brave he stood,
While they shouted long and loudly for King Harold wise and good;
And they vowed by all held sacred—by their firesides and their wives—
That on the morrow they would win, or dearly sell their lives.
When the morrow's sun rose brightly, and the mists and vapors fled,
And all the mountain tops and sky were bathed in rosy red,
They stood arrayed full proudly, and eager for the fight,
With glittering spears and helmets—a fair and goodly sight.
Before them was Hadrada and his bloody Norway braves,
Beyond them was the ocean with its dashing roaring waves—
And behind them lay their Saxon fields all dressed in living green,
And the calm resolve to conquer, filled their sturdy breasts, I wean.
But Harold's kingly countenance for a while he low did bow,
And the thought of coming trouble o'ercast his noble brow;
He dreaded not Hadrada nor all his bristling flanks,
But he saw with pain and sadness his brother in those ranks.
For his noble heart had trusted his brother Tosti's truth,
And now among his mortal foes, stood the playmate of his youth.
He sent a kindly messenger with tokens of his love,
And begged his recreant kinsman—by the great God above—
A traitor's gold, a foeman's sword, that he might never take,
Nor ever in extremity, the Saxon cause forsake.
And he promised him possessions, the goodliest of the land,
Bestowed by royal seal and grant from his own kingly hand.
But the daring rebel Tosti laughed his offers all to scorn,

And called his brother Harold, a traitor and forsworn !
 And he called on God to witness the truth of what he said—
 That ere that bloody day had closed, King Harold should be dead.
 And now from out the foeman's ranks there rode a single man—
 Thrice rode he well and boldly before the silent van—
 And he called on any Saxon Churl to meet him hand to hand,
 Straightway there rode a yeoman bold from out the Saxon band,
 And the grim Norweigan stranger came at him with a yell,
 And before his ponderous battle-axe the Saxon yeoman fell.
 Another came and fell before the stranger's deadly might—
 Oh ! what a piteous sight it was in that gentle morning's light.
 But another Saxon warrior all gallantly arrayed,
 Rode forth and made the stranger feel the goodness of his blade ;
 And now the time has come, I wean, when the grim Norweigan must
 Unhorsed, unlanced, fall to the ground and groaning bite the dust.
 And now they closed, those armies bold, and ere the day was done,
 King Harold stood full proud and calm—the battle he had won.
 Hadrada lay all stark and cold, and Testi too was dead,
 And the brave Norweigan soldiers to their galleys back had fled—
 King Harold stood full proud and calm, but his kingly head did bow,
 And the thought of coming trouble o'ercast his noble brow ;
 For Duke William's troops were fierce, nor few, and Duke William he was bold,
 Ere many days at Hastings, the last Saxon king lay cold.

D.

ORATORY.

We would call him a fool who would undertake a nocturnal journey through a dismal swamp, expecting to be guided by the occasional will-o'-the-wisp that might flash up in his path ; and we think that by the next morning he would agree with us, if he were not lost. Such an one we would call the fool of the nocturnal journey, or the fool of the dismal swamp. Fools, analogous to this one, are to be found in every occupation of life. There is the foolish mariner, who disregards the compass and the lighthouse, and attempt to sail, as it were, by the phosphoric light of the sea. There, too, is the literary fool, or he who would journey over any field of literature, trust-

ing to be guided by occasional flashes of thought. That we may not be catalogued among them, we will establish two land-marks by which we may be directed in this essay—and risk the imputation of having attempted a deep analysis in vain. We shall consider the orator both subjectively and objectively, in other words, what are the requisite preparations before he ascends the rostrum; and secondly, what is the object for which he should aim when there; and how will he be enabled to accomplish that object, or perhaps, we had better make our distinction, by calling the one the art and the other the science of oratory. In this science, as in all others, then are two things to be considered—first the facts, and secondly, the laws which regulate those facts. What, then, are these facts? we answer, they are those germs which are brought up from the cave of knowledge which lies in the land of experience. These germs must be treasured up and guarded by a never sleeping memory, for they are common sense. Not, however, in the usual and contracted sense of that phrase, but rather as comprising all those facts which mankind grant to be true, and hence it has properly been called the “Genius of Humanity.” Common sense includes not only the inductions of experience, but also the truths of intuition, which are but the voice of God echoing through the human soul, and he who doubts these truths, doubts man’s only certainty. Common sense is then, the suppressed premise of the enthymeme, the form of argument which the orator uses, and it is therefore necessary that he should be acquainted with that which his auditors have granted, and upon which depends the truth of his conclusion. When we turn from the region of conviction to that of persuasion, the importance of common sense is in no wise lessened, for it is the mother of eloquence. The orator is never so eloquent as when he simply attempts to prove the truthfulness of a doubted proposition. It is when the thrilling

strains of common sense flash forth from his lips and mingle with those that have "lain bedridden in the dormitories of the souls of his audience," that he is divinely eloquent. And it is not merely necessary that a man should possess common sense in order that he might be an orator, for in that case there would be a world of orators.

But he must, secondly, be the master of those *laws of thought* by which we are enabled to cross, as it were, upon a bridge, from the common sense fact granted, to the proposition he would substantiate. The orator must be a logician. He must know the laws which regulate his own convictions before he can control the convictions of others. Thus prepared the oratorical robe may be placed upon his back and he may be introduced to his audience. Standing upon the certainty of the laws of thought, as the natural philosopher does upon the certainty of the laws of nature, there are those before him who will soon think as he does. They have granted him his major premise and if its object be to convince, he lays before them the *great because* of his conclusion—the same because which has convinced him, and all other things being equal, his judgment must soon be theirs. If his object be to persuade, he lays his proposition side by side with some other facts of their common belief, and leaves it to them to draw the conclusion.

After this brief analysis of the oratorical process, let us consider for a few moments how beautifully the course of instruction pursued in our Colleges is adapted to supply the requisites of the orator. In the first place let us observe the great advantages to be derived from the study of the languages. Language is the sensuous form by which thought is conveyed, and it is therefore the great instrument in the art of oratory. Considered in this light, language bears the same relation to the science of oratory, or oratory subjectively considered, that the telegraph wires bear to the operator. He may have pre-

pared the electricity, he may have the telegram ready, but let the wire be cut, and the electricity becomes as worthless as salt which has lost its savor. And that telegram which was to have leaped in a differential of time from pole to pole, must move slowly along with the worming train. Just so those invincible chains of argument, those emotions of persuasive eloquence must be forever hidden in the soul which gave them birth, unless they can be exported by language—that great ship of intellectual commerce. And when we consider language as an importing, as well as exporting agent of thought, another great advantage which the orator derives from its study becomes apparent.

Every language has its own particular word for the expression of thought, and each one bears about it some sign by which we can judge from which avenue of the soul it came forth. The avenues of the soul are numerous and of varied character. Some are broad and high arched, and are lighted up by the dazzling chandeliers of credulity; others are ebon black—the labarynthine mazes of skepticism, and others still are the small and filthy sewers of self-interest. Through each of these the orator must send his messengers of thought, and what better could he employ, than those very ones which have issued forth from them, and where can he find these but in the different languages of the past.

We have not time to consider how the study of the languages improves the memory, taste, imagination, &c., which are all very important instruments in the art of oratory.

Logic teaches us the laws of thought, as we have before considered. Mathematics is the gymnasium in which we exercise the young muscles of reason in the use of those laws. By it we are assisted in making the wiry thong, which we surround with the silken cords of rhetoric, and then bind our unconscious victim. One of our greatest orators, before he entered upon the prepara-

tion of his discourses, was accustomed to follow out some process of exact reasoning in mathematics, as a musician would tune his instrument before he attempted to execute a difficult air. It should also delight the orator to roam over the fields of natural science, for it is there that he becomes most familiar with the process of induction, by which he is enabled to reduce to scientific order the truths of common sense, which we before considered as the major premises of his enthymeme and the mother of his eloquence. In this particular sphere the man of science becomes the truly eloquent orator when his mind has been raised from the investigation of the particular facts which surround him, and looks up through nature to nature's God.

The study of mental and moral philosophy bears also upon the art of oratory. The former enables the orator to observe the silent workings of the thoughts of his auditors. The latter gives him power over those passions of the soul which prompt to action—the ultimate aim of the orator. Let us treat of this head by illustration:—Patrick Henry owed his success to the fact, that he was practically a great mental and moral philosopher. We mean not by this to say that he was versed in the shades and shadows of transcendentalism, or that he was subtle in his arguments upon the nature of virtue, but we do mean that he knew the power of thought and that he could dally with the passions of men. He did not gain this "*inter sylvas Academiae*," but he gathered around his "counter" the unsuspecting crowd, and after interesting their mind and kindling their passions, gazed and meditated over the battle of thought. As little does the ocean think when the sun smiles down upon it, that it is filling its rain-bags, as did that wrangling crowd, that Patrick Henry was arming himself for the fierce contest with tyranny.

Such, briefly, do we consider to be the characteristic functions of oratory.

NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

Ever since the death of Napoleon, and the termination, by that event, of the exciting drama in which he was so prominent an actor, the question has been agitated among men, "What is the share of praise or blame that is due to him, for the part he acted." This is yet an agitated question, and perhaps there is no question, depending so much for its answer upon history and facts, that has remained so long unsettled. This question we do not propose here to discuss, for the limits prescribed to us entirely forbid it. But we shall endeavor briefly to present, what seems to us to be, some of the circumstances, tending, at first sight, to the formation of an opinion unfavorable to Napoleon, and, as ours is the position of a defender, we shall endeavor at the same time to give such an explanation of these circumstances, as will obviate the necessity of any such conclusion from them.

And the first such circumstance that seems to us apt to arise, is the simple fact, that he was all his life engaged in war. War is the cause of some of the direst evils to men, and he, who needlessly exposes them to it, is justly stamped with the curse of his fellow men. Let us however protest against so broad an application of this statement as that, which would ascribe to every participator in war, the guilt of those evils which it brings. A war may be unavoidable, or commendable, or just, so far as a particular individual or party engaged is concerned. And further, the long continuance of a war, does not determine a party continually engaged in it to be chargeable with its guilt. We may readily suppose that those circumstances, which existed at the commencement of a war, or of a long series of wars, and justified its being

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undertaken, continue to exist, and to exert the same influence, until its close.

Again, let it be remarked, that the mere fact, that one party sees fit to carry hostilities into the territory of another, does not of necessity determine it to be the aggressor. The utmost reluctance to engage in any war does not forbid vigor and energy in its prosecution, when at length it has become unavoidable, and the most suitable and effective method of carrying it on, to him who has at heart the interests of his country, is to spare her fair fields the ruin and destruction, of which every battle ground is the scene, and to carry into the heart of the enemy's country the presence of the war she had forced upon him. Hence the mere fact, that many of the campaigns of Napoleon took the form of invasions of the territory of others, proves nothing, but the vigor with which he deemed it necessary that they be carried on, and the desire which he thereby evinced that they be brought to a *speedy close*.

In the unsettled days of antiquity, when the boundaries of nations were not well established, and the permanence and stability of a government of the present day was a thing unknown, universal empire had been the object of every ambitious spirit who occupied a throne. It was not then incompatible with their views of the nature and order of things, that the mightiest in arms should rule the rest, and the broad principle, that "might makes right," was at the foundation of their political belief. Hence we are not surprised to find, in ancient history, an Alexander and a Cæsar, each of whom aimed at universal dominion, and each of whom, in a sense, accomplished his aim. But what is the absurdity of supposing a similar state of affairs, at the present day, or of imagining, that a Cæsar or an Alexander could ever again exist, and how fallacious must be the critic or the historian, who reasons about the events and manners of to-day, as

if they were those of two thousand years ago! Those then, who enter into any such comparisons as that supposed above, or entertain us with any such complete exhibition of their ignorance, as to ascribe to Napoleon a desire and aim at universal dominion, may be dismissed without further notice.

If we have conceived aright what are the popular impressions concerning Napoleon, and what are the grounds on which they are founded, one thing, which enters largely into these impressions, and operates much against Napoleon's good name, is a most confused and incorrect idea of the history of his wars. Hence we may be allowed briefly to enumerate the following particulars, concerning the *history* of those wars, which may perhaps have a tendency to correct some such false impression.

And first, let us remark, that, as a matter of history, Napoleon was not the originator of those wars, in which he was engaged. The first coalition had been formed by the Allied Powers against France, and Napoleon himself had fought and won many battles, prior to his assumption of any authority whatever, in his native land. The most blinded and inveterate antagonist must, we think, acknowledge the distinction between the responsibility of the general, acting under the orders of his government, and that of the government itself, which is justly chargeable with the guilt of the public acts which it commits. Napoleon could no more be held accountable for those wars in which he was engaged merely in the capacity of Gen. Bonaparte, than could the meanest soldier under his command. Yet some of the most bloody battles which he fought, took place during that very period of his career: those, for example, of his famous first Italian campaign. Hence we know how to appreciate the candor and fidelity of those pretended historians, who, lamenting over the slaughter of Lodi or Arcola, stop a moment, in their narration of facts, to deplore that mad ambition which was their cause.

In the second place, the first peace that Europe had witnessed for many years, (the peace of Amiens), was made soon after the accession of Napoleon to the Consulate of France, and was effected by his instrumentality. Upon his first elevation to power, he found two of the most powerful nations of Europe (England and Austria), directly at war with France, and in an attitude by no means betokening a great desire for peace. Victory was in their grasp, and their ostensible ends in undertaking the war, were yet unaccomplished. Hence Napoleon's first offers of negotiation were refused with contempt. A disastrous campaign and a signal defeat, however, considerably modified their views and pretensions, and they at length acceded to the proposal which this "ambitious and blood-thirsty monster" had made, of establishing a universal peace.

Our third fact is simply an extension of the second, and it is that, upon all future occasions, he manifested the same disposition as upon this. In the contests in which he was afterwards engaged, whatever might have been the real feelings and responsibilities of either party—at least in open professions of a desire for peace, and in seeming willingness to bring it about—Napoleon far exceeded his foes.

These are facts of history, which it requires only a sincere love of truth, and a very ordinary amount of research, for every investigator into the character and conduct of Napoleon, to discover, and, once established, they may serve to modify considerably views that are formed of him. All this, however, we must admit, is but an introductory argument. To establish fully the opinions of Napoleon which we entertain, would require a consideration of the questions, whether the relations of the other European nations to France were not of such a character as to cause them to wish to carry on the war to its utmost extent, and whether, on the other hand, the ambi-

tion of which Napoleon is accused, was not inconsistent with the interests of his empire, his manifest views and aims, and, indeed, with that very greatness, of which he is acknowledged to have been possessed. But here, at the very commencement of what should be our principal argument, we must pause, regretting the fact, that what we have already offered may present the appearance of being merely a dry enumeration of facts. But for this we must plead the necessities of the case, and the possibilities of the few pages allotted to us. Moreover, there is a species of intense originality, which consists in the fabrication of facts, unknown to history, and explanations entirely foreign to truth, into which writers on this subject have been prone to fall, and, if we have succeeded in avoiding this, an error in the opposite extreme will be less to be deplored.

We have said that Napoleon was always willing and eager to make peace with his foes, but we do not wish to be understood as representing, that this willingness on his part implied the least inclination to undergo, for its sake, any infringement of his honor, or the relinquishment of the smallest of, what he conceived to be, his sacred rights. Nor do we mean to assert that no single act of his career was open to the smallest charge of injustice or imprudence, for such an assertion would be indeed to make him a saint, and to this title he never laid claim.

All we venture to affirm, as being the simple truth of the matter, is, that he neither set in motion, nor had any share in perpetuating those wars, which, upon his first accession to power, he found upon his hands, and which, during his whole life, he was unable entirely to shake off. In face of history, which points to his universally manifested desire for peace; and of reason, which shows that regard for his own interests would not have allowed him to pursue any other course, the slanders of his foes can avail nothing, but serve rather to enhance the brightness of that glory, which falsehood cannot obscure. W.

THE CASE OF THADDEUS HYATT.

In every age of the world, and among every people *new* questions of governmental polity will be constantly arising, and *old* ones will be revived. The *new* must be settled according to the ideas, the character, and circumstances of the people and the age which gives them birth. The *old*, though perhaps they have often been decided before, must again submit to be modified by, and receive the stamp and animus of the new order of things. Each age has ideas peculiar to itself, and each government and people its own distinctive character. And these, since they are but expressions of the inner life of the multitude, can not but materially tinge, or even radically change the consideration and decision of all the great and important questions of the day. If, then, questions are brought at this time before the *American* people, nothing is more evident than that they must be discussed in the light of the great principles of liberty of the present day, the character and circumstances of the American government, and the provisions of our national Constitution.

Already, within the present year, a question has arisen before us which must be of vital importance to the liberties of every American, since it relates directly to his rights as a citizen. Important, however, as it seems to be, it has been already very summarily, not to say superficially, disposed of by our Senatorial savans at Washington. Yet, notwithstanding the unhesitating verdict of 44 to 10 Honorable Senators "in Congress assembled," we humbly beg to be permitted to *pause* a little, before yielding assent to the assumption, by the great *legislative* body of the Nation, of the powers of the *Judiciary*, the power to deprive, by imprisonment, a private American citizen of

his "liberty" "without due process of law," conducted in a *legal court*.

The question is simply this. Did the Senate of the United States transcend its legitimate and constitutional powers, in the imprisonment of Thaddeus Hyatt?

To answer this correctly we must look at it in the light of the principles of true government, of *our* government and of the Constitution, to which we must unyieldingly cling as the Palladium of our liberties, and our only safeguard against the encroachments and monopoly of power, so natural, nay, almos inevitable to human rulers.

The proper functions of government naturally divide themselves into *three* distinct classes, viz: the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial. If, then, a government would exist in a normal state, these three departments must be kept *distinct*, and, as far as pertains to the *persons* who exercise their respective functions, *separate*. They must be *connected*, but not *blended*. So connected, that each department may have power to *check* the evils of the others, but yet not *exercise their functions*. It is only when the governmental machinery combines these two elements, of *connection* with *distinctness* of the parts, that it presents that system of checks and counterchecks which alone will insure safety and perpetuity to the government, and protection against encroachments of their rights to the people. It is only in the ruder states of society that a mongrelizing and monopolizing of these naturally distinct powers is to be found. All such monopolies have in their very nature a constant tendency to monarchy, and, in their final expression, to absolute despotism. But in free America the ideas of the age and the character of the government forbid this element of tyranny, which makes the law-maker the law-inflictor, thus placing the liberties and even the lives of the subjects at the caprice of one man or set of men. In order that there may be no extensive collusion between the rulers, which shall be

to the detriment of the citizen, Congress must have a power distinct from those of the Executive and the Courts. They must never exercise that power. Another essential element must be, that these powers must be vested in different men or sets of men. Only thus can we avoid collusion. And, what we have said of Congress, may also be said of the Executive and the Courts respectively. Only thus, by this beautiful and symmetrical system of balancing and counter-balancing, checking and counter-checking, in which each department watches and prevents with jealous care those encroachments, or even actual *aggressions* of its rights and powers by the other departments, which tend to blend the three together, and thus inevitably bring on a concentration of power, a monopoly, a despotism, can the citizen be safe.

Thus Montesquieu in his 'Esprit de Loix,' says: "There is no *liberty* if the judiciary power is not separated from the legislative and executive. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary control."

Blackstone declares that "whenever these two powers are united together, there can be no public liberty," because that then "the magistrate may enact tyrannical laws, and execute them in a tyrannical manner." Jefferson also, in his 'Notes on Virginia,' remarks with peculiar fervor and emphasis, "the concentrating these powers in the same hands, is precisely the definition of a despotic government. It will be no alleviation, that these powers will be exercised by a plurality of hands, and not by a single one. One hundred and seventy-three despots would surely be as oppressive as one. Let those who doubt it, turn their eyes on the republic of Venice. An elective despotism is not the government we fought for." Again, this sentiment which seems to lie at the base of the political philosophy of our nation, is *distinctly enunciated* by several of our State constitutions, of which we will cite

only that of Massachusetts: "In the government of this commonwealth the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers, or either of them; the executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers, or either of them; the judicial shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers, or either of them; to the end it may be a government of laws and not of men."

Such then being the dictates of reason, of the political philosophy of the age, such the sentiments of patriots, statesmen and jurists, and such the fundamental principle of our government, may we not be pardoned the egotism which leads us to hesitate at and even to demur from the action of even 44 of our able Senators? Nay, even more. Having looked at the question in the light of the prevailing ideas of the age and nation, and of the nature of our governmental character and structure, we beg you, kind reader, to indulge us still further in our egotism, by allowing us to view it in its relations to the national Constitution also. What are *its* teachings on the subject?

In Article III, Section 1st, we read as follows: "The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish." Here we find that *the* judicial power of the *United States* is, "*ab initio*," vested, not in Congress, but in the Courts. This clause evidently means that the "*whole* judicial power" is thus vested, and indeed it has been so decided by the Supreme Court. Notwithstanding this, the Senate has seen fit to exercise a judicial function. Is this not an assumption of power never given by the Constitution, and therefore undelegated? Is it not an unconstitutional act, for Congress to pass sentence of imprisonment on an American citizen? Again in Article V of the Amendments, it is declared that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

Now even if Congress *had* judicial power, this clause would at least require that when it condemned Hyatt, it should do so by a *regularly legal process*. But the facts of the case are otherwise. The Senate did not even resolve itself into the *form* of a court, but merely passed *resolutions* to imprison him, in the regular course of *legislative business*. And *thus* it is, that the liberty of a private American citizen has been taken away! Was this "by due process of law?" Was it constitutional?

But again we hold that even had the Senate resolved itself into the *form* of a court, and had it conducted the affair in exact imitation of the processes of law, it would yet not be a "*due process of law*," from the simple fact that the Senate is not a legal court. Perhaps our perceptions are extremely obtuse, but for the life of us we can't exactly see how any thing can be a "*due process of law*" unless it is conducted in a legal court, especially since the Constitution declares that *all* the judicial power shall be vested in the courts. The only semblance of judicial power delegated to the Senate is, "to try all *impeachments*." Now only "the President, Vice President, and all civil officers of the United States" are subject to impeachment. That is, a *private* citizen does not come under their power in this way. But then even this power of the Senate, is but a "*quasi*" *judicial* power, for their "judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States." Thus it appears that even *here* the Senate has no authority to imprison or impose a fine. By what authority then has the Senate exercised the power of *imprisoning a private* citizen "without due process of law?" Are our liberties safe? Is there no danger of a monopoly of power, from such precedents?

"THE LADIES."

Towards the close of great banquets given on the anniversary of the birth of a great man, or celebration of great events—the opening of railroads or hotels to the public—in fact, on any or all the great occasions which the gastronomic tendencies of man lead him to celebrate, the table cloth is drawn, the fragments removed, and the worthy master of the feast gives the regular toasts—"the occasion," the "union," "the ladies." Quiet as may have been the reception of the former, yet the last is always greeted with rapturous applause, bumpers are drained, knowing winks exchanged, dead heads are uproarious. While some gifted individual clears his husky throat, and in a voice mellow with Madeira, or carbonated to the gushing point by bad Champagne, sings "let the toast be dear women."

And now in this, the banquet of the minds of the college, having been strengthened by the solids set before you, enjoyed the crisp pastry articles, and almost surfeited on the luscious delicacies of the editor's table, what can be more appropriate than draining the last glass of the feast to the health of the dear creatures.

The feelings and ideas of a young man, after a long college course are not of the most clear, or if he has any, of the orthodox kind in regard to this delicate subject. For having been secluded from all society, and having been supposed to have passed many of his hours in communing with the spirits of the ancient and illustrious dead, he loses all fitness or desire for female society; and scarce knows how to deport himself, or even to carry on the most trifling conversation. As for manners or politeness, they are gone to the four winds. As an instance of this, we heard of a young man who graduated some short

time ago, who, after having indulged in some formal conversation, bowed himself out of the assembly, and politely invited the young ladies to "call over."

It is a pleasing delusion, entertained by these same young men, that they stand on a higher stage of existence. A most miserable mistake, for if toil be the lot of created beings, a double share falls to the lot of man, while the joy is more than shared by the fair companion who lightens that toil. If to proceed towards truth with slow and tottering steps, is an evidence of strength and supremacy in man's constitution, what does the manner in which woman reaches it denote—when she rises to it with the swoop of an angel's wing? If faith be such a superior action or state of mind, who possesses it in such great and lovely proportions?

Being such, and so great, her empire is universal. Wherever man is there woman rules. And any attempt to give the reasons for it, or to examine and unravel the silken fetters which bind us, is as difficult as it is hopeless. So all that remains is to bow the knee and kiss the sceptre, in hope that mercy may be extended to us.

The only solution to the problem seems to be—and it is one of those ultimate truths, which, if we accept, will account for all the phenomena—that there exists in her nature the "subtile imponderable," which for lack of a better name has been called *love*. That this element circulates in never ceasing currents. And these currents, alike with the other imponderables, are subject to the great law, "that currents circulating in like directions attract, and if in unlike they repel." Does not this account for the *magnetic* element in human nature? That attraction which always exists in some subjects, and that insuperable repulsion which is found in others. For, as the old poet has it,

"Beshrew, my heart, but it is wondrous strange!

"Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them

"That masters the wisest of us all."

It is natural that many would-be philosophers have expended much strength in the study of, and spun many fine theories in regard to, the nature and constitution of woman. And from the oldest of the old theorists, who supposed that man and woman were the abodes of fallen spirits, down to Michelet, the great prophet of our day, their labor has been useless. And the only conclusion we can arrive at, is, as it is better expressed by the quaint Bowie—

“They’re a very unfathomable species, sergeant, are they women; and if they are taken out o’ man, they took the best part of Adam wi’ them and left us to shift wi’ the worst.”

And all that we can do is to attempt to repay, (by courtesy and respect for all in general, and devoted regard in particular cases), that care which began with our birth, and will only cease with life itself.

One great and important question must be before the mind of every young man. And that is, how shall he render himself worthy of woman’s love? The answer to this, by the light of all experience, is, that he should live a life, pure and devoted to some great end; that he should be as brave as Guy Livingstone, as much of a gentleman as John Halifax, and as devoted as Max Urquhart; that he should be enduring, self-reliant and trustworthy. If he be such, he deserves and receives the respect of his fellow man, and the whole-souled love of women.

There is no truer test of the worth of a man than the opinion entertained of him by woman. Witness the devoted attachment of the women of America for Henry Clay. Among all his friends, and they were many and the best portion of the nation, none, personal or political, clung to him through good and evil report, with more ardent devotion and love than the fair daughters of our land. There is scarcely any greater reward than this, for it always accompanies the performance of duty.

Therefore, take courage, young man, for bright eyes regard you, and fair hands are always ready to twine for you the garland if successful, or smooth away the wrinkles of care and console you if failure attend a right effort.

It is a matter of deep regret that among so many of our young men there exists a tendency to disregard the excellencies, and to speak harshly of the few faults which show themselves in woman's nature.

Remember, that he who does so,

— is a parricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murders her fame,
That wrongs the praises of women; that dars write
Libels on saints, or with foul ink repay
The milk they lent us."

Think of this, young gentlemen, when the light word or sneering remark rises on your lips, and let it die unuttered.

SCHAHRIAR, F. N. R. C.

Editor's Table.

April is here, with her alternate smiles and tears, reflecting, we fancy, the conflicting feelings which are now agitating the class of '60. For eyes altogether unaccustomed to such a performance, are astonished how closely they can approximate to an old-fashioned "cry," as thoughts of the farewells which must soon be said, and of going out from the protecting arms of "Alma Mater," commence to crowd thick and fast upon us. On the other hand, a smile, or rather a broad, irrepressible grin illumines each longing face, as the outlines of a "dip" begin to be more distinctly defined in the distance.

At present, her Ladyship is indulging in a regular school-girl pout; and this we would fain believe to be the expression of her disapprobation of the treatment which the April Editor has received at the hands of his contributors. In truth, the April Editor had been almost postponed out of existence. For when, finding that we had "bought an elephant at auction," we sallied forth to dispose of the animal, if not at a profit at the smallest loss possible, we found funds very scarce, and elephants not at all in demand. We have, however, at length disposed of the beast, and if the stockholders are inclined to grumble at our bargain, we can only plead "hard times" as our excuse; for judging from the scarcity of specie, we in the College of New Jersey are on the verge of a great literary crisis.

The class photographs have come at last, and we would congratulate the artist upon his success. It would have been wonderful, however, if he had not succeeded;

for every one in looking over these pictures, (and of course the "apparatus can't lie,") is at once struck with the number of handsome men which the class of '60 contains. Our thanks are due to the obliging artist, Mr. Warren, for a handsomely bound book, containing imperial photographs of the Faculty and class, to be placed in the College Library. (An excellent friend suggests that as "a thing of beauty," it will be "a joy forever,") but of course all of our readers who are at all logically constituted, will immediately draw this inference upon the mere statement of the fact that it has been placed in the Library. (If there is a lack of wisdom in this remark, we can only plead as our excuse that we got it cross-wise). The necessity arose in a few instances of forging the signatures of absent class-mates, and the manner in which this was accomplished (or the manner suggested at least) in one case, deserves honorable mention, we think, even in such an important document as the "Editor's Table." It was simply to make three C's, put your paper out in a thunder storm, and let the lightning strike it. By this means, it is said, an exact counterfeit was obtained in every instance. The originator of this idea possesses, we think, in an eminent degree, that constructive imagination which is said to enter so largely into the constitution of all great minds. We predict for him a high place in the scientific world.

Intimately associated in every mind with thunder, lightning, and the telegraph, is Princeton's and the world's great Natural Philosopher, Prof. Henry. HE HAS ARRIVED. His lectures and experiments upon the subject of Electricity are exceedingly interesting, and the high estimate in which they are held by the class, is shown in the most desperate efforts at good behavior, which, however, is exceedingly difficult of attainment, as we have been sadly out of practice for some months past. He goes through the operation of annihilating Prof. Morse with more coolness than we would undertake to furnish under the circumstances, and by a simple statement of the most prominent facts of the case.

The citizens and Collegians of Princeton were regaled a few nights ago, with a rare intellectual treat in the form of a lecture upon the Hindoo Philosophy, by Dr. Scudder. We mention it principally that we may ask the question, Why is it, so far as the College is concerned, that so few of such lectures, and other means of profitable recreation of the same character, are vouchsafed us? Where the fault lies we will not pretend to decide, but we think all will agree with us in saying that there is a fault somewhere, in this respect. The morals of the College of New Jersey, (and we acknowledge it the more readily because we are conscious of her superiority in so many other respects,) are not the purest that ever adorned a College, although Colleges are proverbially bad places. That the causes of this are to be sought for, in just such influences, as the absence of innocent recreation and amusement, we have not a doubt. Secret societies no longer exist, (so a member of the Faculty informed a friend of ours a few days ago), "Junior Orator" has gone up Salt River, and Billiard Tables, (which seem to be looked upon much in the same light as the Small-pox would be), like birds of a gentler clime, have been compelled to fly from the biting frosts, and chilling winds of persecution. As for our part we cannot find heart to censure a youth for going to „Gibe's," when he gets bored, or even for getting "pleasant," when he is miserable, because Greek roots are haunting him like the phantoms of a guilty conscience, and Mathematics, like a circular or triangular nightmare, is forever crushing down his poor Prof.-ridden soul. He would be cleared upon a plea of self-defence before any court in Christendom.

Appropos of secret societies, we deem it our duty to call the attention of the

Faculty to an institution of this character, which has sprung up in our very midst, and which glories in the alarming, mysterious, and diabolical appellation of N. R. C. It is said that the meetings of the Inquisition, were public, when compared with the mystery deep, dark, and impenetrable which shrouds all their transactions. It is conjectured by some that they are devoted to the study of the Black Art. Others say, that their designs are political and that the nominee of the Charleston Convention must come from their ranks, or a dissolution of the Union is inevitable. It has been ascertained as certainly as anything can be ascertained concerning them, that their pledges are written in human blood, and that a goblet of the same fluid is drained by every one who is initiated into their secrets. At all events it is too much to suggest, that immediate steps be taken in the matter, and that the Seventh Regiment, if necessary, be called upon to assist in destroying, extirpating, and utterly annihilating this diabolical combination?

The number of autograph books which are lying on our table, keeps reminding us that the class of '60 has not much longer to linger, beneath the maternal roof. And we would congratulate our "*Alma Mater*," that her wayward child after so much solitude, and tender nursing, has at last arrived at years of discretion, and is now able to dispense with her fostering care. He has doubtless devoted too much of his time to Hornsprees, Rakes, and Soph-commencements, and been more inclined to Agriculture, than Science (we refer to his passionate love of sowing "wild oats"), yet he has never been wanting in filial piety, and will no doubt endeavor to do honor to his bringing up. Indeed our respect, and admiration for our Maternal Ancestor, are constantly increasing as we learn more and more of her character and resources. We have *everything* here that can assist in a thorough education, from *fossils of the Azoic period*, to a full fledged rainbow fresh from the skies. (If in the light of science, by the by, the rainbow is regarded as we were taught to regard it—as an emblem of mercy—we would suggest that it occupy a conspicuous place in the Philosophical Hall at Senior Final.) And if *now*, she seems deserving of our admiration, when forty years their "cloudy wings expand around us," we will no doubt remember her venerable halls with a sort of worship.

Among our exchanges are several periodicals which are conducted with much taste and ability, but we have not time to notice them at length. We have received also the "Seventeenth Annual Report of the Managers of the State Lunatic Asylum" of New York, from which we quote the following: "*The past has been a year of general prosperity. The Institution has been constantly crowded, the daily average being 500, which is 36 above that of any previous year.*" This speaks volumes for our national prosperity; and we think the Union would be more safe, and the country more prosperous if similar institutions were better filled than they are, especially if a portion of the complement were taken from the District of Columbia.

The ocellation of Venus went off with great *eclat*, and to the entire satisfaction of all parties. The class of '60, for whose benefit principally the affair was gotten up, express themselves highly pleased with the performance, and would take this opportunity of tendering, through the pages of the Mag., their sincere, and heartfelt thanks to both the heavenly bodies concerned.

And now, kind reader, we will break off as suddenly as if the "devil" were after us, which is in reality about the state of the case. Hoping that you may find the above mentioned individual as kind and obliging as we have found him, we remain,

Your Humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

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✓ MARCH, . . .	JOHN S. CONDIT, N. J.
✓ APRIL, . . .	S. T. CORN, Ky.
✓ MAY, . . .	J. MORGAN HART, Pa.
TREASURER,	D. HENRY SMITH, N. Y.

Exchanges.

Kenyon Collegian; Kentucky Military Institute Magazine; Centre College Magazine; Erskine Collegiate Recorder; Yale Literary Magazine; Hall's Journal of Health; Harvard Magazine; The Ichnolite; Wabash Monthly; Beloit College Monthly; Western Churchman.

CONTENTS.

1. KINGSLEY, . <i>Primrose</i> .	Page 303
2. TO NANNIE, (<i>Poetry</i>), <i>Wright</i> .	312
3. THE EMOTIONAL IN POETRY, <i>M. Conner</i> .	313
4. BURIAL OF HAVELock, (<i>Poetry</i>), . . .	319
5. SUBJECTIVITY OF FUN, <i>Nooper</i> . . .	320
6. THE WANT OF THE AGE, <i>Upson</i> . . .	323
7. HOW SAXON HAROLD MET HAROLD HADRADA, (<i>Poetry</i>), <i>Red</i> .	328
8. ORATORY, <i>Abbey</i> . . .	330
9. NAPOLEON THE FIRST, <i>Rankin</i> . . .	335
10. THE CASE OF THADDEUS HYATT, <i>Morrison</i> .	340
11. "THE LADIES," <i>Croft</i> . . .	343
12. EDITOR'S TABLE, . . .	348

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